

A Woman Horse Trainer

Miss Marks's Wonderful Power Over Animals—Ways of Willowmere Farm

It is an experience to ride behind a thoroughbred which clips along over the country road at Sound Beach, Conn., in a way that makes horses, rocks, trees and human beings form a sort of rapid moving picture.

That was the experience of THE SUN interviewer and artist who one day recently took the train for Willowmere, the beautiful Connecticut breeding farm,

place, King Alar towers, his height of seventeen hands and weight of 1,450 pounds making the horse of ordinary size seem almost puny. He is coal black, with a white star on his forehead, and follows Miss Marks about like a kitten.

His long mane has a beautiful marcel wave which would light the fire of envy in any feminine heart. The tall, matching mane, falls to the ground. Asked about

docking, Miss Marks looks a little shocked. "Of course, I don't believe in anything that is cruel. That is the fundamental reason of Willowmere's existence, to teach

with steel-like muscles and strong, firmly knit hands. She disdains a hat and drives about the country with her fair hair wind-blown and a ruddy color dyeing her cheeks. There is nothing in the least mannish in dress or manner, her gown is a bit longer

than to me are the ways in which I make good, and by which I satisfy my own love of the animals.

"If there is anything I want to stand for, it is not the financial part. I don't care to be known as the owner of one of the most successful breeding establishments, but I do want to have a word go out into the world for the good of the dumb brute who can't speak for itself.

"There is no reason why cruelty should ever be employed toward a horse, no reason

stand a certain amount of abuse equably, but there comes a time when it will turn and show fight, not only for its safety, but for its self-respect as well.

"I commenced my work at a very early age," Miss Marks says, in answer to the curiosity which always harks back to the first steps in out of the way paths of living. "When I was 5 we moved here from the western part of the State. I knew few children and did not seem to care for them; but a peculiar affection grew up between one horse, Dick, and myself. From that acquaintance my love for the horse developed. All the time I was growing up it was a favorite pastime with me to break in the horses of the neighbors who were having trouble with them. It was no uncommon thing, even when I was practically a child, to have some one send me word that there was a wild animal on a nearby

is born I want to see it, and always afterward I am only conscious of what it is going to be. I can tell right away whether it is to be pure gall, its general character of proportion and individuality, and I never make a mistake."

"It is that question of individuality and harmony in the animal which has led Miss Marks to breed St. Bernards.

"I believe them to be the most perfect

all-round dog that there is," she confesses, "and I don't care to raise any but the best. Other dogs have beautiful traits, marks of beauty and breeding, lovable characteristics, but all are combined in this one animal, and best of all they do not have to submit to any surgery to make them eligible in their class. Their ears are not silly their tails docked nor their hair trimmed."

"On the farm puppies and colts make ac-

quaintance easily and early and live to-

gether in harmony. The kennels are all

over the pasture, but a large kennel in the

stable where King Alar and Darmon rule

is a child's trundle bed with a straw mat-

tress on it, and here Aunt Sarah, one of the

oldest dogs, has her resting place. Her

bed is secured not without an oc-

casional friendly squabble, for after their



THE KING OF KINDNESS FARM.

where Miss Anna A. Marks presides over an interesting collection of horse and dog tenants.

The horse is the fourteen-year-old stallion King Alar, said by some to be the most superb type of his class in the country. "Just stand by him a moment and you will get a better idea of his size," says Miss Marks.

So we do, and look up at the equine sky-scraper. King Alar deserves his title. It is while she is handling the reins with expert skill and we are flying through the exquisite country that Miss Marks continues her description of the King, commenced at the station.

"He combines all the qualities that go to make a good horse. Sometimes in breeding a sacrifice of certain qualities is made for the sake of producing others, strength may be second to speed, for example, but King Alar has all the necessary elements which form the perfect animal. He has physique, good temper, tractability, with boldness, dash, speed and beauty."

Asked about his record, Miss Marks mentions 226, and adds: "I am sure he could bring that down to 210."

Even in the big stable, our first stopping

IN THE ORCHARD WITH "THE BABIES."

proper treatment to the dumb brute."

A second question, as to putting young horses on the track, is more thoughtfully considered.

"That is a question one could not answer offhand, for there are many things to consider. First of all, you must remember that a horse loves to race; he enjoys trying his speed with other horses. You notice how a horse when left to itself will try to pass other horses on the road or even in the field at play they will tear about seeking to outrun each other.

"When you take horses that are bred from racing stock the instinct is stronger. Racing is play to them, and they love it, just as much as a man loves to show his skill in some special field for which he has fitted himself. The only cruelty is in forcing this instinct beyond its natural limitations."

"Occasionally I sell when I am sure of the animal and equally sure of the purchaser, but breeding to produce perfect animals, eradicating faults caused by bad training and the care of animals whose owners send

than that worn by her city visitors and a white shirt waist is finished with feminine frills.

Her voice is Miss Marks's most wonderful possession. It is a couple of tones lower in pitch than the ordinary speaking voice and is never raised. Driving about an hour or two later behind two young colts newly broken there is not the slightest waver in the inflection.

"I am not a dealer," Miss Marks explains. "Occasionally I sell when I am sure of the animal and equally sure of the purchaser, but breeding to produce perfect animals, eradicating faults caused by bad training and the care of animals whose owners send

Then on the veranda of the farmhouse, which is really a modern, commodious dwelling, the first good look is had at the mistress of this establishment, whose record as a breeder is second only to her record for training troublesome horses.

She is of medium height and slim, but

In the world why a whip should ever be used except as I use one, to touch the horse and communicate the fact that there is something I want him to do—go faster or stop aying or some other important change.

"What do I do with a vicious horse? There are no vicious horses. I simply wouldn't admit that word into the stable. When I see that a horse has been worried by bad training, that he has probably been kicked and cuffed until he has reached the point where he views every human being as some one who is going to torture him, I just leave him alone. We go in and out of the stable and don't disturb him at all. After a while that fear is allayed, and that is all there is to it. There is nothing else to do, for as soon as a horse learns that you intend him only kindness, when your voice and presence bring with it to him a sense of security and happiness, just so soon will he obey everything you say to him, and you won't need to use a whip or a cruel bit or any other form of barbarity."

"I sent a young mare bred on the farm to Brooklyn. When she came back to me you would not want any other reason to explain my dislike for selling animals I have raised."

"I am asked to make all sorts of experiments; quite recently a well known horse lover asked me to demonstrate with colts aged 3 days, 3 months and 11 months, respectively. The first I was to halter, the second was to be bit and harnessed, and the third harnessed to a cart—all, mind you, for the first time."

"Of course, I did not have any trouble. Each in turn submitted to the test good-naturedly. Why should they not? Young as they are, they know me and have confidence."

In the pasture and the neighboring

meadows, roomy stables are built, the

opened doors showing mile after mile of

green country. The colts stand without

any check. Miss Marks, leading the way,

is soon surrounded by twenty or thirty

mares and foals. Among these mares is

Dorothy Dale, who last season captured

many blue ribbons.

One of the colts is a scrubby looking

quadruped which, like a puppy, has not

grown to its legs and has a general air of

awkwardness.

"I never see a colt as it really is," says

Miss Marks, when her attention is called

to the ugly duckling. "As soon as a colt

"A horse is like a human being; it will



MISS MARKS AND THE LIFE SAVING CREW.

Live Cities Out of Dead Volcanoes

Plans for Dowie's Colony in Mexico—Concessions Granted to Him for Territory on Which to Build Seven Towns.

El Paso, Tex., June 16.—No hogs, no mules, no oysters, no whiskey, but more or less of everything else, is a brief statement of the principles that are to govern John Alexander Dowie's colonization scheme in Tamaulipas, Mexico.

The hog, says Dowie, is the scavenger of the land, just as the oyster is the scavenger of the sea. The mule, he declares, is a creature of the devil, "an evil nonentity"—a creature, in fact, something like the Man Without a Country. And as for liquor of the kind that cheers and simultaneously infuriates, John Alexander says it is bad for any country.

Therefore, mules, hogs, oysters and whiskey are barred from the precincts of the Dowie colony.

Dowie's colonization plans have a satisfying vastness about them. This queer old man seems to have hypnotized the Mexican Government into granting him more valuable concessions than any other individual has ever required. He is on close terms with President Diaz, and from one end of Mexico to the other he is hailed as a great man.

Briefly summarized, Dowie's plans include the building of seven cities, the construction of a network of railroads, the irrigation of an extensive region by a peculiar method, and the general development of 2,000,000 acres of land. The chief city will be called Eden, and it is to be built first. No attempt will be made to start established. Various experiments in city building will be made during the early days of Eden, and when comparative perfection has been reached Eden will be taken as a model from which to pattern the other six cities.

So far as possible, without conflicting with the Mexican Government, Dowie will set up a code of laws of his own for the regulation of his cities and his colony.

The State of Tamaulipas, in which is located the 2,000,000 acre concession granted to Dowie, is on the Gulf coast of Mexico,

well toward the southern end of the Republic. Immense oyster beds fringe the shores and there is every natural facility for the raising of such products as Mexican intoxicants, but as oysters and whiskey are on the prohibited list, no attention will be paid to these resources.

Although the whole tract of 2,000,000 acres will be fenced, there will be no division between the cities, and free intercourse and interchange of products are contemplated. This, Dowie believes, will carry through the commonwealth the altruistic idea with which he is imbued in the founding of his cities.

The ostensible purpose of Dowie is to make homes in Mexico for those of his people who dislike the cold of the north. But behind this apparently philanthropic move there appears the fact that out of this scheme the Dowie strongbox is likely to be loaded with additional wealth.

Whether or not the seven cities will be peopled indiscriminately without regard to the nationality of the colonists is as yet unknown, but it is expected that Dowie will place the different nationalities in different cities and thus maintain peace and goodwill in his religious families. This belief is strengthened by hints dropped by Dowie on his recent visit to Mexico. This, perhaps, is the idea actuating the founding of seven cities instead of a smaller number.

Whether the Mexican Government will make an exception in favor of Dowie and permit him to build as many railroads as he chooses, according to his own peculiar ideas, remains to be seen. Mexico has some queer laws relating to railroads, and as Dowie's proposed route will necessarily have to extend beyond the confines of his land grant, in order to make advantageous connections, he is likely to have upon his hands some intricate problems, despite the fact that he has thus far shown himself to be unusually influential with the Government.

Eden, the first city, will be built on the fact that the greater part of the material required in railroad construction is to be hauled from his own lands.

One of the most important improvements contemplated by the Prophet is the watering of barren tracts by tunneling into four extinct volcanoes situated on his land. These volcanoes are filled with



BABY BEAUTIFUL, THE PRIDE OF WILLOW DALE.

water, in some cases to a depth of 1,000 feet, and the old man believes that a tunnel driven into the sides of them will furnish ample power for machinery, and the used water can be carried in flumes into the valleys, where it can be spread over the acreage for irrigation purposes.

With ample water facilities crops can be grown in profusion, especially garden truck and such things as command a fancy price in the North. Tropical fruits are

also a possibility of the tract, and Dowie says that in this particular alone the colonists need not starve for want of food.

Aside from what labor will produce, the natural resources of the land are large. Associated with Prophet Dowie in his work in Mexico is his son, J. Gladstone Dowie, who is now on a tour of the Republic. The region selected by Dowie, despite its close proximity to the Gulf coast, is healthy.

To Be a Star an Actress Must be Young

An actress who ought to have been earning a large salary for some seasons past had to appeal to the courts the other day to relieve her of the burden of her debts. Her trouble was that she wanted to be a star when it was obviously impossible for her. She was persistent, however, in the face of one failure after another and lost not only her time but her money.

The reported recipe of the managers who had to supply it. But there is one thing that the most businesslike of the managers have learned. There is no use trying to make an oldish or even a middle-aged man or woman a star.

The actress who has come to financial grief could have earned \$250 a week for the last six years if she had not insisted that she must be a star.

"One hears a great deal about the tyranny of managers nowadays," one of them said the other day. "But what they do is usually

the result of their experience with the public. The star of the day is the result of the public demand for an agreeable personality on which the attention of the public is concentrated. One of the certain things of this life is that this person, either man or woman, must be young to win the favor of the public.

"When an effort was made to turn J. E. Dedee into a star it did not succeed, not because he is not as good an actor as many another star, but because he is not young enough to be a hero of sentimental episodes. Take the case of old Mrs. Gilbert. In spite of her great popularity and the announcement that she was to retire at the end of a year for good the tour was not a very promising one up to the time of her death."

J. H. Scodari, who has become a star until he was an old man, had very little success in the high priced theaters and has prospered only since he began to travel through the smaller cities. Such men as Joseph Jefferson and W. H. Crane began as stars years ago and grew old before the public. The same is true of the women stars who are no longer young. But it is impossible to make a star out of an actress who is not youthful, whatever her talents may be."

Engaged Boarder Finds a Lost Ring

Young Mr. Niblington is engaged; a fact that interests everybody in the boarding house tremendously, and nobody more so than the amiable landlady, who likes young Mr. Niblington very much, for he is a fine, manly young chap, makes no trouble at all, treats her always with the greatest respect and courtesy, and pays his board with the most scrupulous regularity.

So there is nothing in the world that the landlady would not gladly do for young Mr. Niblington, and when he announced to her that he had lost a ring in his room she prosecuted the search for it personally and with the same degree of earnestness that she would have given to any other service she could have done for him.

It was not a ring of great intrinsic value, but it was a ring that Mr. Niblington wouldn't have lost for a million dollars; for it had been given to him by the young lady to whom he was engaged, in whose family it was an heirloom, as a measure for the engagement ring he was to buy for her. In some manner it had dropped from his finger as he sat at his desk, and he had to roll as he thought under his bureau; but he had sought for it there without finding it, and would the landlady kindly look for it? For he couldn't look any longer now.

Mr. Niblington is a most businesslike young man who never fails to get to work early and promptly. And the landlady gets up at five o'clock in the morning, and goes to her room, and finds the ring gone, and they moved the bureau, but the ring was not there.

And then they searched the room high and low, and only women know how to search, but no ring. Very mysterious. It had been dropped in the room, and it seemed that it must be there, but it wasn't.

But the landlady was not at the end of her resources as a searcher for and finder of things. She had sons of her own, and she knew about sons and sons' ways, and she knew about the possibilities of all lost things. It was possible that the ring might have dropped into one of young Mr. Niblington's shoes, or on the floor after he had on it, or it was a rainy morning, and he knew that the careful Mr. Niblington would turn up the bottoms of his trousers—it might have dropped into one of the upturned folds of the legs of his trousers and be there now and in greater danger than ever of being irretrievably lost.

She knew the minute at which he would arrive at his place of business, and she would telephone to him promptly to look in those places for the ring at once. And she was on her way to the telephone to do this when the telephone bell jingled and jangled, and it was young Mr. Niblington himself on the phone, to tell her joyously, that on his way home from the elevated, down town, he had slipped on a coal hole cover and wrenched his left leg frightfully, and he had broken his leg, and he was jumping to recover himself, he had jumped that precious ring out of a turned up fold of one of his trousers' legs, into which, it seems, he had dropped it, and so now he had happily recovered it.

Whereat the landlady and all the boarders rejoiced, for they all like young Mr. Niblington, and are all deeply interested in his engagement, the only regret over it being one held, perhaps, by some of the young lady boarders, that he should have gone outside of the boarding house for a wife.

Rich Colorado Mine Without an Owner

The Man Who Found It Was Determined That None of His Relatives Should Share His Wealth and He Seems to Have Had His Wish.

DENVER, June 17.—The story of the Pompeii claim was learned by a promoter from Gunnison county. His name is not important.

"In the stopes of the Pompeii claim in Gunnison county," he began, "wealth that none may touch lies uncovered. From the whim, creaking idly over the shaft, hangs an empty bucket, and a heap of carefully sorted ore near by represents the last labors of a life that was tragic though brief."

In speaking the promoter unconsciously uses terms of expression he purposely employs when writing a prospectus. He finds them effective in selling stocks, and his listeners do not object to occasional phrases that smack of rhetoric.

"George Adams," he continued, tipping his glass and watching the play of light enmeshed in the liquid of the liquor, "was wedded to the hills. A prospector, his solitary life made more bitter hatred implanted in his heart when a child. He never expressed a desire to inflict an injury upon those by whom he had suffered, but he was fixed in his determination that none of them should share the wealth he sought for himself and his heirs."

"Adams was born in Yorkshire, England. Left an orphan when barely more than a baby, his first recollection was of relatives by whom he was shamefully mistreated."

"As soon as he was old enough he was put to work in a colliery. There both of his legs were broken by falling timbers. His relatives, expecting that his injuries would soon prove fatal, refused to call in a surgeon, and for days he suffered extreme physical agony."

"At last some neighbors interfered and the lad's bones were set. He had been neglected so long, however, that his legs were permanently bent out of shape, and he was always afterwards lame. As soon as he was able after his recovery he ran away, and eventually became a prospector in Colorado."

"For Adams the finding of the Pompeii claim spelled success. What suggested the name I don't know. Perhaps in the mind of the discoverer there were hazy visions of treasure beneath the lava and ashes that buried the old Italian city. Perhaps the evidences of volcanic action in the surrounding region, the intrusions and overflows of the Gunnison country, recalled the work of Vesuvius."

"From the time he located the claim his faith that it contained the treasure for which he had been searching so long did not waver. His confidence was finally justified by the ore he unlocked from the rocks."

"A few months ago Adams was on the highway to fortune. All the latter part of his life, and he was well past 60, he had painfully struggled along hard trails that promised glittering rewards but led only to disappointment. The Pompeii claim was the last venture of many."

"The other claims he located were scattered singly and in groups over the mountains in which he wandered. Most of them were merely the graves of great expectations. On a few he was able to make a showing good enough to sell them to people with money for development."

"Did they make mines, you ask?"

"Not yet. Some of them are still promising prospects to which my own hopes are hitched. But Adams is the only one who up to the present date has cleaned up any cash from them."

"More than most of his kind, Adams was wise. Having learned from the school of experience that the prospector who depends on another man's grub stake must often go hungry he determined to invest his little capital where it would make him independent. Resisting the temptation to use it in following a promising lead, he bought a few acres of fruit land on the famous North Fork of the Gunnison, near Paoia, and stored his prospectors' kit while he was clearing his brush grown fields, digging irrigating ditches and planting an orchard."

"Then he went back to the hills. In a few years the orchard yielded him a small but dependable income. It kept him in food while he was prospecting and supplied powder for the limited development he undertook on the claims he located. Always confident that some day he would find and make a mine, he looked forward to enjoying wealth in his valley home."

"During the last few years Adams's hopes were all centered on the Pompeii claim. As long as his income permitted he carried it to patent. Untried he sunk the shaft to a depth of fifty feet and began drifting."

"It was slow work. Every bucket of ore or waste hoisted meant a climb to the surface. But he made progress. As he followed the vein the values increased."

"The ore shaft was two feet in width and most of it was of high grade. Fortune was his. Not great wealth, as wealth is counted in these days of multimillionaires, though even millions were a possibility of the future, but enough to satisfy at once all of his modest ambitions."

"The first cartload shipment netted the owner a thousand dollars. Another thousand was received for the second cartload. A third was ready and there was assurance of many more to follow."

"Adams was holding his head higher. He had drunk of the cup of success, and it was like a draught from the Fountain of Youth. His step was as light as it was when he drove his first stake in the land that perpetuates the name of the unfortunate Gunnison."

"All his old enthusiasm returned as he dragged the golden treasure from drift and shaft. Each shipment he made added to the possible improvements for his orchard and home."

"Then came death. The relentless hand of that dread specter of the greater altitudes, pneumonia, touched him, and the wine of success turned to ice in his veins. He died, his desire to gather rapidly the fortune that was his, he ignored farming symptoms that at another time would have sent him hurrying from the heights. He waited too long, and when he went he passed through the portal on this side of which all wealth must be left."

"Those that wealth will be a matter of doubt. Adams had no relatives in the country and no will has been discovered. If the English members of the family can be found, the relationship established, they can make good a claim to the property, undoubtedly, in spite of the fact that it was Adams's well known wish that they should not inherit a penny from him."

"However, the people by whom he was mistreated probably died long ago and their legal heirs, perhaps too, Adams was carrier than we gave him credit for, and concealed his identity under an assumed name that will effectually prevent the tracing of relationships."

"Didn't Adams take more gold with him than his heirs are likely to get out of the companies I promote?"

"My boy, I resent the insinuation. Not every promising prospect makes a mine. Not more than one in ten, in fact. I am at work on my tenth now and I haven't yet developed a bonanza. But I expect to win out yet, and so will the people who stay with me."

And the promoter smiled the smile of unconquerable optimism.